

Bascom Field and cast accounts in an effort to balance the topsy turvy book-keeping of Life.

*At the start know for what you seek.*

*"No good deed or act or thought is ever lost."*

A pupil in a backwoods school was "staying in" after school for failure to properly prepare a Latin lesson. The neglected work recovered, the pupil and teacher sat and talked first of Latin and then of other things.

The long shadows of whispering evening clouded round the hushed and deserted school room. Impatient Youth spoke rebellious and hot words against the uselessness of a dead and gone Language.

The teacher, grave and patient with the wisdom of Age and much association with Youth, spoke slowly and earnestly of these things; the value of culture, the logic of life and the optimism of the brave. She ended by saying

*"No good deed or act or thought is ever lost."*

"What?" cried Youth incredulously. "Suppose I think a good thought, and I don't tell anybody, and then die. How can that do anybody any good?"

"You will be better for it," replied Wisdom (Which is a kinder and truer word for age) and some way, some time it will have its effect. The world will eventually be made perfect as a result of the accumulated good deeds and thoughts of its people.

Youth went home through the dusk pondering.

The teacher is long since dead, but that kindly, brave remark has lived and endured because it is true.

Measured then by this yardstick, what of Bascom L. Field, dead at the age of 28 on the field of battle,